To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*

Launcelet. And it ſhal pleaſe you to breake vp this, it ſhal ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leaue ſir.

Loren. Whither goeſt thou.

Launc. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the *Iewe* to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sal. *I* marry, ile be gone about it ſtraite.

Sol. And ſo will *I.*

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica.*

Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readines,
Yf ere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, perуſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iewe. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize

As thou haſt done with mee: vvhat *Ieſſica*,
and ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparraile out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clowne. Why *Ieſſica.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.

Clow. Your vvorſhip was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter *Ieſſica.*

Ieſſica. Call you? vvhat is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica,*
There are my keyes: but wherefore ſhould I goe?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
looke to my houſe, *I* am right loth to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maiſter doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe *I* his.

Clowne. And they haue conſpired together, *I* vvill not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in thafternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica,*
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the caſements then
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, *I* meane my caſements,
let not the ſound of ſhallow fopprie enter
my ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
but *I* will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
ſay *I* will come.